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ELIZABETH WHIPPLE'S IDEA OF
THE GIRL WHO HAS NEVER BEEN KISSED



***Though girls kiss each other,
Can't see why they do it;
For without a real man
There is nothing to it.***



*The world would be most barren
Of happiness and bliss,
Without the children's prattle,
Their innocence and kiss.*



***The Frenchman, they say, is always quite gay,
In love affairs also most fickle;
But every sweet miss prefers him to kiss
With a mustache sensation and tickle.***



*By attracting attention to that lovely lace,
He thinks he can land a big kiss on her face*



—SALVADOR DIAZ

*Again he endeavors to hold her attention
With a little love talk too naughty to mention.*



NAWAB SALAR JUNG BAHADUR

*He seems quite afraid the camera will hear,
So he whispers, whatever it is, in her ear.*



NAWAB SALER JUNG BAHADUR,

*She seems to believe him.
And waiting with ease
For a clear "right-of-way"
And "go-as-you-please."*



*O, sweet heart! O, fond heart!
You're so nice and plump;
When near you my heart goes
Bump-bumpity-bump!*



*When you kiss me all seems brighter;
As your arms around draw tighter,
I'm so glad to know you miss me,
And to know you long to kiss me.*



***Rock-a-bye, baby, in the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
If the bough breaks and the bare limbs should
scratch you,
Bear in mind I have two bare ones to catch yo***



*When you kiss me all seems brighter;
As your arms around draw tighter,
I'm so glad to know you miss me,
And to know you long to kiss me.*



*Rock-a-bye, baby, in the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
If the bough breaks and the bare limbs should
scratch you,
Bear in mind I have two bare ones to catch you.*



*Just one kiss before we part;
And, darling, I will miss you;
I'll long to hold you in my arms.
To fondle, hug and kiss you*



AWAB S. AR JUNG-EE

*Here they are, both she and he,
Kissing with greatest ecstasy;
Life to them's one dream of bliss;
With their never-ending kiss*



EAR JUNG

*Willie knows his little book,
And pointing to her finger
Just for a bluff; he likes his job,
And wants to longer linger.*



***He's getting down to business now,
And no more will he tease her;
He's on the track of one good smack,
And you can bet he'll squeeze her.***



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*As we gaze at this couple,
And stand face to face,
We know, without asking,
They've found the right place.*

A Hundred Ways of Kissing Girls

A REAL NOVELTY
ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE

163



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What to Expect

IN these modern days, when all the world is struggling to reach a higher life, and when art is placed upon a higher plane than life itself, it would be unfair to the cause of progress, a drag upon our efforts to obtain perfection, to omit the Art of Kissing that great and exquisite essential in modern ethics, which leads to so much that has been dreamed of, but seldom realized.

The learned professors of two of the greatest universities in America, institutions of learning that are leaving a pronounced impress upon the minds of American youth, have publicly expressed their poignant sorrow that they never learned to kiss. The human heart goes out to them in sympathy; all the warmer as there are others who have never known this bliss—yea, a multitude, perhaps, who have never kissed, or who, having kissed in a crude, unscientific fashion, are unaware of the beatific condition attained by graduates in the art.

In view of the widespread demand, growing out of the universal practice of the art, it may not be impossible that our schools, colleges and universities will soon feel justified in placing the "Art of Kissing" in their curriculum of studies alongside of baseball, boating, athletics and social entertainments. The indications point to the probability that this will be done.

Contemplating the possibility of this addition to our educational system, the publisher of this little book offers it to the great expectant public, burning with the thirst for knowledge, as part of an educational series which may be either a preparatory text-book for those who have not yet matriculated, or as a post-graduate course for those who did not have the benefit of the study during their scholastic career.

It contains valuable matters hitherto not within reach of the public, though much sought for. It springs upon everyone a hidden and generally secret mine of information, which, if closely studied and practised, will enable the reader to graduate without a long and painful collegiate course.

Indeed, it is submitted to those who do not contend.

plate a collegiate course of studies, but who are willing to remain satisfied with general information upon a scientific subject that will assist them in enjoying many pleasurable hours, thus modifying and softening the arduous, monotonous duties necessity imposes upon them, and which, without the warm impulses afforded their hearts by this book, make of their lives a long, uneventful, miserable existence.

L'Envoi

Go forth, little book, bring joy to all,
To the hut of the peasant, the rich man's hall.
Relax the miser's grasp on his pelf,
And soften the heart of the churlish self.
Bring low the proud, the lowly elevate,
Till all men find one common state
In which to stand with heart to heart;
May its pages teach there is something apart,
A sweetness in life for all to enjoy
Without cost, without hurt, or other alloy.
Take you and eat, here is the fruit;
It cloys not, nor pains, if you know how to do't!

A HUNDRED WAYS OF KISSING GIRLS

HISTORY OF THE KISS

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Pirates beware and study the law.

THAT the kiss is the symbol of love, friendship, esteem and respect is shown by the fact that it is generally practised by the most cultured nations of the world, while in those countries where the refining hand of Christian civilization has not been made manifest the kiss is practically unknown.

Down to Homeric times the kiss bore a solely maternal significance. Thus in Homer, "kuveos" meant only the kiss of father to child, or the kiss of the suppliant,

like the Proci, who kissed the hand of Ulysses. The kiss never occurs in the love scenes between Venus and Mars, Ulysses and Circe, or Paris and Helen (*Iliad*, iii), nor yet between Hera and Zeus, who are distinctly depicted as in the bonds of love (*Iliad*, xiv). In the scene with Andromache, Hector consoles her not with a kiss but with a caress of the hand. Even in the ancient Egyptian the definition of "kiss" (except "hach," which is an obscure point) refers to embrace and not to kissing with the lips.

In ancient Sanskrit poetry, again, the kiss is always maternal, and the "kusiani" (Sanskrit for kiss) is exclusively filial, although later books go so far as to differentiate twelve varieties of the kiss.

The wife of Califo, in the "Ramayana," bewailing his death, recalls the hand, not the lips, that caressed her. So also the wife of the king of Cambodia; while the father, Balf, kisses his son. And again, "And the mother licked her son's face with her tongue and made lamentation like a cow bereft of her calf, the father fondling him the while" (Gorresio, Vol. I, page 333). It would seem, then, that the kiss, which among ancient and uncivilized peoples is unknown as a symbol and harbinger of love, sprang from the entirely maternal act of feeding commonly practised by birds, and very often by savages. We are told that the Fuegians did not use any kind of cup but assuaged their thirst by sucking up water from a spring through a reed. A child would die of thirst if the mother did not supply his needs by filling her mouth with water and thence introducing it into the mouth of her babe. From this act the first kiss was probably evolved—a kiss not amorous, therefore, but maternal. Children kiss only when they have been taught to do so and not before they have attained the age of six months.

With the ancient Jews the kiss was quite common, and the modern Jews have abated the custom but little. Among the ancients even mere acquaintances kissed each other's hand, head and shoulder, while they exchanged the salutation, "Peace be with you." If the old Jews desired to express their highest esteem for somebody, they kissed his feet, and even his footprints. There was

nothing extraordinary in the fact that Judas kissed the Messiah, because this mode of salutation was as common in those days as a handshake is to-day. Jesus, the reformer, however, did not look upon the kiss as a mere formality, but as a token of love, and He therefore asked Judas: "Do you betray the Son of Man with a kiss?" and hence the Judas kiss, which token of treachery, has become proverbial.

From the Jews the kiss passed to the ancient Christian church. The first Christian knew only the brotherly and sisterly kiss. Later it became the custom that all members of a congregation prior to the communion service exchanged the *osculum pacis* or kiss of peace. For this purpose there were tablets introduced, sometimes quite valuable an article, which passed from hand to hand. In the Greek Catholic Church, the so-called Easter kiss is customary at the present time. Those of the faith kiss each other when they meet at Easter with the salutation, "The Lord is risen!" to which the response is made, "The Lord is risen, indeed!"

As a symbol of veneration for the Pope, the Roman Catholic Church introduced the kiss impressed upon the cross embroidered on top of the Papal slipper. In the case of Bishops, the ring worn on the right index-finger is kissed. As a first adoration, or veneration, in the Roman Catholic Church counts the ritual in which a newly-elected Pope, sitting before the altar, bids the Cardinals, who have kissed his slipper while kneeling, to arise, and imprints upon both cheeks of each dignitary the kiss of peace.

In ancient Rome, where, with the conquest of the Orient, many Oriental bad habits were introduced, kissing was so promiscuous that it became a positive nuisance in the days of Emperor Augustus. Under the reign of Romulus, the old Romans—that is, the male portion—had a habit of kissing women for the ostensible reason to find out whether they had partaken of any wine, such imbibing being prohibited the weaker sex.

Greece of the olden times had a law providing that any man who kissed a woman in public should suffer death. It happened that an Athenian youth who was in love with the daughter of Pisistratus, the tyrant,

kissed her on the street. History tells us that even despots have softer moments, for when the wife of Pisistratus demanded the death penalty for the offending youth, the tyrant replied: "If we remove those that love us, what shall we do with those that hate us?")

Publius Maevius of Rome, on the other hand, had a liberated slave torn to pieces because he had kissed a Roman statesman's daughter. The censor Cato promulgated a law prohibiting married people from kissing each other in the presence of their children.

The prohibition of kissing in public found formal expression in the old Roman law. Some instances in this connection are pointed. A married woman who permitted anyone but her husband to kiss her lost her dower. A betrothed, on the other hand, who was kissed by her dying affianced in the presence of third persons was declared to be the lawful wife, and after his death she received half of his estate. There are several countries where, at the present time, the kiss of betrothal has a legal effect.

During the imperial period of ancient Rome this serious and noble conception of the limitation of a kiss disappeared gradually. Luston describes in his biographies of twelve Emperors the kissing mania of his times. That abuse became so prevalent that Augustus and Tiberius issued edicts against kissing. At great banquets the lips of each serving maid was kissed by every guest present as often as there were letters in the name of the host or of the guest in whose honor the feast was given.

Homer describes how the servants of the noble Odysseus kissed his head, shoulders and hands, and he also states, with his usual exactness, which class of servants was entitled to do homage in this manner and which class had to be satisfied with a hand-shake. Thus in Rome it was customary to kiss the head, the hands, the tunica or, the feet of prominent men, according to the rank of those who saluted. In the beginning of the Imperial era a prominent Roman could not appear in public but that he was almost devoured by his admirers. Diocletian introduced the kiss of honor which was given by the Emperor for particular merits in the public welfare, just as decorations are given to-day.

The ancient Teutons observed the kiss solely as a symbol of love and friendship. With them, as with the Anglo-Saxon race to-day, the firm handshake was the usual form of salutation in public. In mediaeval times the kiss became the symbol of other sentiments. The vassal was compelled to kiss the sword of his feudal lord. The *osculum gladii correcti* was the symbol of fealty. In courts of justice the crucifix or the Bible was kissed—a custom still extant in some courts in England and America. In the latter, by the way, the innovation has been introduced to have Bibles with celluloid covers, which are wiped with a wet sponge by the bailiff after each administration of the oath.

In Austria it is considered good breeding to kiss the hand of women. In Spain the sterner sex must be satisfied with the verbal "kiss your hand." In Italy the hand-kiss among women is a sign of great intimacy, and, therefore, is restricted to close friends. In Russia the hand-kiss of women is unknown—and for good reasons—but the forehead is kissed. If a Russian woman wants to bestow particular distinction upon a guest she kisses his brow when he enters the room, and hands him a saucer of brandy. The Russian peasant salutes his lord by embracing his knees and kissing them. The Pole kisses the shoulder of his superior, and the Czech kisses his clothes.

Here in America we have the kiss of reconciliation, of respect, of adoration, to say nothing of the Hobson kiss and the "Sapho kiss." And who does not remember the first kiss of love? Fair nights and starry skies come home to every heart. Who has not wandered by love's Elysian streams? Who has not accepted a betrothal witnessed by Saturn's triplet circlet? And who has not held in his arms a being of the softest, most sensuous clay, and lived, perhaps, hours of ecstasy in a single moment?

Kisses have also played a very prominent part in history. The celebrated kiss given Cæsar by the conspirators, and the historic one which James I. of Scotland did not give Anne of Denmark, are familiar to all. In romance and poetry they figure far more prominently, and are sometimes chosen as a theme. The kiss which

the angel took to the pearly gates as atonement for a soul will never be forgotten, while everyone knows Byron's "Long, long kiss, and the kiss of youth and love," and his wish

"That womanhood had but one rosy mouth
To kiss them all from north to south."

Then there is the last kiss, which, with bursting heart, we press upon the cold, senseless clay which will nevermore respond to our caresses. But the saddest of all is the kiss of satiety. Who can tell the bitterness of the worn-out passion, the jaded nerves, the touch of lips under which wither all gladness, all joy, all liberty? The trite caress, the hollow ecstasy is, alas! almost as well known as the kiss which Herrick defines as "love's sweetest language," and of which the man or woman who has never loved knows nothing of the sea. Passion and the sea are like each other. The kiss that burns, and the salt spray that stings; words shall not tell them, or color portray them.

And now medical scientists tell us that we may no longer kiss; that it injures the health, and the evils resulting from the osculatory habit, if persisted in, are set forth *ad libitum* and *ad nauseum*. But what will the scientist give in lieu of the sweet, time-honored kiss? Perhaps after a while they will say that we must only rub noses together as a mark of affection.

How to Kiss a Girl

Have you ever sat 'neath the moonlight's gentle rays on a summer's night with the dearest and prettiest girl in all the world by your side? One whom you love dearer than your life, one for whom you would willingly die—if she but asked you? One whose simple touch of a fingertip thrills you with an ineffable feeling, such as you have never known in all your life before? Such a dreamy, soothing something seems to creep all through you, that, even when you have torn yourself away from her in the wee hours of morning. Your thoughts still linger around that precious piece of womanly loveliness

till your experience those divine sensations over and over again.

Oh! how you wish that you were still by her side on that old rustic bench where you sat just a few short hours ago with your arms folded tightly around the most perfect moulded form ever created, and her pretty sweet face resting so naturally on your shoulder, with her head thrown back just in the right position, where your lips met hers as unknowingly you lean forward time and time again, and press your moistened and burning lips to hers; and as your lips hug hers, what joy! what ecstasy! what a haven of bliss thrills your every nerve and pulse. As you rest there together, averse to stop even for a breath, you feel that you have at last found the most perfect happiness in all the world; and if you could but remain in just that fond embrace, as her warm and heaving breast throbs against your own, and you press her tighter and tighter to you, you would both be perfectly contented to die in each other's arms.

Now and then you gently and slowly draw your lips away, only to pet and fondle her velvety cheeks with your hand and say the prettiest things you can think of; and when you are really and truly in love how fast those tender little sayings come to you, and how your darling loves to hear them. All the world seems so happy, as the thousand and one things flash through your mind, and even though you are here in the moonlight you look down into those bright and dreamy eyes of hers—eyes that seem to draw your very heart and soul to hers; eyes that, as they pleadingly gaze into yours, seem to speak words of untold love.

Without a word spoken, you again moisten your lips, and she unknowingly does the same, at the same time drawing close, till you—you feel her uncontrollable bosom beating to and fro and pressing against your manly breast. Your lips cling once more to hers, there to rest as you hug and squeeze her plump little body till you wonder how you are able to breathe, and wonder why such perfect happiness is yours.

Origin of the Kiss Under the Mistletoe

The custom of kissing under the mistletoe is said to have originated thus: Baldur, the Apollo of Scandinavian mythology, was killed by a mistletoe arrow given to the blind Hodur by Loki, the god of mischief. Baldur would have been restored to life had everything on earth been persuaded to weep for his sad fate. But though everything—rocks, trees, animals and all wept over him, one old crone refused to shed a tear; for which reason the unfortunate Baldur was retained in Hades, but thenceforth the mistletoe was placed under the care of Frigga, and was never again to be an instrument of evil till it touched the earth (the empire of Loki).

On this account, it is always suspended from ceilings, and so, whenever persons of opposite sexes pass under it they give one another the kiss of peace and love, in full assurance that the plant is no longer an instrument of mischief.

According to an old notion, the maid who was kissed under the mistletoe at Christmas would not be married in a year.

Who Kissed First?---Adam or Eve

BY CLEMENT MORRIS

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THERE was a time when one man lived on earth alone. Though lord of all, he found himself excluded from participation in the ever-shifting scenes around him, except as a mere on-looker. The twinkling stars, the shining moon, the zephyr's breath and the golden sun that warmed his soul, were all for him, but were not of him.

He stood upon the sands of the rolling sea, and the waves came to caress his feet, or, with sullen roar, 'mid lightning flash and thunder roll, raised up its giant, crested billows as if to overtop and swallow him, but

still submissive, it broke in soft, snowy foam at his feet.

The beasts that tore one another's throat in frenzied hunger, or in native rage, forgot their savagery at his soothing touch.

He saw the lioness fawn over her whelps, and the infant flocks and herds bound o'er the fields in the joy of their new-born life. He heard the birds, secure in their leafy nests, warble choicest music to their loving mates, who brought dainty food to their helpless offspring.

Beneath the mantled stillness of the night, he heard all nature's joyful chorus borne to his ears upon the gentle breeze that whispered soft, caressing words to the trembling leaves shimmering in the starry light.

All these were for his joy and pleasure, and to delight him as his years passed away. He felt that this was so, for in his soul there was a power superior to it all, and which with none of it could ever mingle or combine. Yet he felt, also, that while all things around him fitted in as counterparts and moved, each within its sphere, in most harmonious balance and in complete and perfect accord, he, of all, was but the half of what he should be. He knew his own imperfection, through his own perception, but he knew not how it might be cured. He had no vision thronging through his brain, nor dreams to rouse his curiosity, for there was none, and never had been one, to tell him, or from whom he might have learned. The murmuring brooks, the lowing kine, the voiceful birds and the sighing breeze—all strove to tell him what was uncreate in his breast, but their language was as yet unguessed by him.

At last, one morn, awaking from a dreamless sleep and stretching out his arms like him who throws off slumber's chains, his wandering hand encountered what at first he thought to be some careless member of his flock, but yet so different that, rousing up and half reclining on an elbow, he looked down in mild amaze upon his exact counterpart, his second self, but yet his opposite.

She lay asleep, her head reclining on a rounded arm, and down along her form twined masses of soft golden hair, between the strands of which her blushing skin

glowed with the fire of life, and to his wondering eyes brought limbs like to his own, but rounded out into more beauteous curves. His nostrils were assailed by a strange and subtle perfume that held him powerless to move.

And so he lay and watched her while she slept. At last, while he was gazing down into her face, not daring to do more than look lest she should disappear, the curtains from before her eyes were lifted up, and in their depths he saw the blue empyrean in such perfect image that up he looked to see if, by perchance, the sky had fallen down. Then down again he looked to see a soft smile wreathing all her dimpled face, as, suddenly, she wound her arms about his neck and drew him down upon her breast.

"I am thy lover, wife and helpmeet," said she. "Without me thou canst never know why all these objects around about thee, and which thou hast so oft surveyed, have been created. Long hast thou wondered, and within thy breast hast asked why thou wert apart from all the rest, the only one that missed perfection's boon. Nay, go not thou away," said she, with tighter grasp, for he was making efforts to arise. "Thou must fulfill what fate has had in store for thee. Thou art all my ardent fancy pictured thee, and for thee, by my own strong desire, did I become incarnate that my soul with thine might round out a full existence. Thy life was vacuous and stale, and though the highest and the best of all created things, yet wert thou the most useless of them all. Thou hast a troubled look and dost not comprehend. Well, then, I will convey to thee what knowledge I possess, but thou must listen and not try to leave me. We are to be the founders of a mighty race. From us will spring a myriad host to circle all the earth, and be the peopling of the twinkling stars thou seest above thee in the blue empyrean. A race whose future joys are concentrate within my breast, and in my soul I feel the choice delights of future ages of our kind, for in me are the energy and the essence of them all. I am the fruit which thou must pluck and eat, and then thine eyes shall open be and like unto the gods we shall become. Thou art the active, I the passive one. It is for thee to act, for me to yield."

They Kiss Even in England

ENGLAND seems formerly to have been famous for kissing, for the learned Erasmus, in one of his epistles, writes:

"Although, Faustus, if you knew the advantages of Britain truly, you would hasten thither with wings to your feet, and if your gout would not permit, you would wish you possessed the heart of Deodalus; for just to touch one thing out of the many here. There are lassies with heavenly faces, kind, obliging, and you would prefer them to your muses. There is, besides, a practice never to be sufficiently commended. If you go to any place, you are received with a kiss by all; if you depart on a journey, you are dismissed with a kiss; you return, kisses are exchanged. They come to visit you, a kiss the first thing; they leave you, you kiss them all around. Do they meet you anywhere, kisses in abundance. Lastly, wherever you move, there is nothing but kisses. And if you, Faustus, had once tasted them—how soft they are, how fragrant! on my honor, you would wish to reside here for ten years only, out of your life."

In his "Life of Wolsey," Cavendish says: "I being in a great dining chamber, I attended my lady's coming; and after she had come thither out of her own chamber, she received me most gently, like one of noble estate, having a train of twelve gentlewomen. And when she, with her train, came all out, she said to me: 'For as much as ye be an Englishman, whose custom is in your country to kiss all ladies and gentlewomen without preference, and although it be not so here in this realm, yet will I be so bold as to kiss you, and so shall all my maidens.' "

In an account in his travels in Iceland, Lord Dufferin says:

"I whispered to Fritz how I had always understood it was the proper thing in Iceland for travellers departing on a journey to kiss the ladies who entertained them, little dreaming that he would take me at my word. Guess my horror when I saw him, with an intrepidity I envied,

first embrace the mamma, by way of prelude, and then proceed, in the most natural way possible, to make the same advances to the daughter. I was dumb with consternation; I expected we should the next minute be packed, neck and crop, into the street, and the young lady would have gone off into hysterics. It turned out, however, that such was the last thing she was thinking of doing. With a simple frankness that became her more than all the boarding-school graces of the world, her eyes dancing with mischief and good humor, she met him half way and gave him a hearty kiss. From that moment I determined to conform to the customs of the inhabitants."

When John of Lorraine, the gallant cardinal, was presented to the Duchess of Savoy, she gave him only her hand to kiss, much to the indignation of the churchman.

"Why, madam!" he exclaimed; "am I to be treated in this manner? I kiss the mouth of my queen, my mistress, who is the greatest queen in the world, and shall I not kiss you, a dirty little duchess? I would have you know I have kissed as handsome ladies, and of great or greater family, than you!" Whereupon he made for the lips of the proud Portuguese princess, and, despite her resistance, kissed her many times upon the mouth before he released her with an exultant laugh.

There are many anecdotes told of the young king of Spain and his kisses.

When Adelina Patti had the honor of singing before the Queen Regent of Spain, and the royal lady complimented her on her singing, Patti asked permission to see the little king. Alfonso XIII was brought into the room in his nurse's arms. Patti made a deep curtsey to him and pressed his little dimpled hand to her lips. But the Queen interrupted, saying: "My son shall not be the first Spaniard who is so ungallant as to permit a lady to kiss his hand. Allow him to avenge himself with a kiss." Obediently Alfonso threw his fat little arms around the neck of the prima donna and bestowed upon her lips a hearty kiss.

Revelations of a Newly Wed

By CHETWYND-MORAN

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CLAUDIA and I were destined for each other by our respective parents and we grew up from childhood together, side by side. I was her most faithful cavalier, and waited upon her as though she were a royal princess. She often rewarded me for some little act of attention by a kiss and an "I love 'oo," in her baby way, and I would kiss her back again. They were baby kisses, meant nothing and left no impression.

But as we grew older, Claudia became more reserved, withholding the kisses which I hungered for the more as I grew older, and began to appreciate her loveliness. She bloomed into perfect womanhood, my thoughts of her keeping pace with her developing beauty. She became the ideal of my soul, and I sometimes tried to grasp her in my arms, but she resisted me with so much violence and seemed to turn cold towards me, that I tried to efface her image from my heart by seeking the society of others. But it was useless, for the very efforts I made to modify my passion for her served but to increase it. Everything I tried as a means of drawing my mind away from her was as ashes, and every act I committed with her image before me filled me with pleasurable emotions.

- There was not an unpleasing trait about her; her form proclaimed a perfect woman, and the soft glances of her sweet blue eyes, bathed always in a sea of liquid light, betrayed her capacity to love. It seemed a simple thing to arouse her heart to the impulses of love, but I found it extremely difficult to ever approach her near enough to enjoy the intoxicating perfume of her person, which surrounded her like an atmosphere all her own. It was this sweet fragrance, combined with her soft influences and flashes of light from her eyes, that sometimes drove me to the society of others.

Though cold and distant toward me, Claudia consented to be my wife, as had been arranged from our

infancy, and I thought I had attained the summit of my desires. But I was not a happy husband, for my bride did not change her manner towards me, and she was constantly indifferent to my demonstrations of affection; received my kisses coldly and without response. I appealed to her in every way possible for a man to do but though she looked upon me with a friendly regard, she did not exhibit the lightest affection.

So it went on—an age it seemed to me. I was constantly in an agony of mental and physical torture. Here was I, a man in the full strength and vigor of manhood, weighed down with the most absorbing love for the sweetest and most beautiful woman in the world, so attractive in the exquisite grace of her perfection that at a loving smile from her I was ready to perform deeds of valor for her sake, even unto death. I was the rightful possessor of all she had to give the man who loved her, yet she appeared to be as far away from me as the stars. I dared not demand my rights for I hoped to gain her love.

My blood was hot and cold by turns, and my nights were spent in feverish restlessness accompanied by hideous dreams. When she approached me, I felt my eyes betray my wistful, hungry eagerness, and change to dull, despairing looks, as she turned away from me, without a sign of pity at my soul's misery. My food was bitter to me and my drink as vinegar. But I was not entirely hopeless.

A favorite place of mine for meditation was in a rose-covered arbor, where I was accustomed to lie upon a bench and listen to the throbbing of my heart, as the blood surged through my veins carrying everywhere that one vision—Claudia.

I lay there one evening in the dusk, after refusing my evening meal, wondering how it would end, when I heard the soft rustling of a woman's garment, and Claudia came and sat beside me. Neither of us spoke, but we sat and watched the twinkling stars through the leaves, and listened to the gentle voices of the night. The leaves trembled under the kisses of a soft breeze; a mourning dove was plaintively wooing its mate and the perfume of the roses entranced my senses. Added to these was

the intoxicating charm of the presence of the woman I loved, and I was dumb in an agony of unsatisfied love.

At last, unable to longer repress my emotion, I ventured to take her hand, which hung beside me, and pressed it to my lips. She did not withdraw it, and thus encouraged, I extended my hand and touched her arm, which shone dazzling white in the starlight, its very softness acting like a flame that burned deep into my soul. Faint with emotion, and still clasping her arm, I softly whispered her name.

“Claudia, I love you.” This I whispered so low that she was obliged to bend her head close to me to catch the words.

“Yes,” she replied, turning her face to mine, and so near that I felt her soft breath fan my cheek, “as men love.”

“Aye,” said I, growing bolder, “as men love and with all a man’s love. You must know that my love for you is so great that I would willingly die at your feet for a tender look.”

“So I have read that men sometimes say,” said she, “but man’s love is but a hunger, which, when satisfied, the food becomes distasteful. You do not know what love is.”

“I not know what love is!” demanded I, half rising, but she gently thrust me back with her open hand, allowing it to remain upon my breast, where it burned like fire. “Am I not a man in the full vigor of life, and has not my very soul longed for you so many days without a sign, that it is beginning to shrivel up in my bosom?”

“That is not love,” said she, “that is mere craving, appetite, passing desire. You are hungry and would fain eat; then satisfied, your craving would disappear. That is man’s love.”

“What other way can I love?” I pleaded; “I feel that I love you, for every thought, every desire, is of you; my whole soul goes out to you.”

“I know that, my friend,” said she, looking down into my eyes, the light of her own I could see shining in the dim light. “You cannot love in any other way. If you were a woman it might be different.”

“How, a woman!” cried I in astonishment. “Could I love you more if I were a woman?”

She did not answer for a moment, then speaking as to someone afar: “A woman’s love is more enduring; it is not so easily satisfied. It is a perpetual longing that lives as long as she lives, and only dies with her; perhaps it still remains with her spirit afterwards. Woman will kiss the rod that smites and still love. She will go down to death and bless the hand that sends her there. If men could love as women do, the earth would be Elysium.”

“Oh! Claudia! Claudia! I would that I were anything to you—anything you would have me be, if only I could obtain a single caress.” In the extremity of my passionate longing, I writhed upon the bench where I was lying, and drew her bare arm down to my lips and held it there inhaling its sweet fragrance like a draught of fine wine.

“Listen, my friend,” said she, with her lips almost touching mine and her breath filling my nostrils; “I feel compassion for you. If you could forget that you are merely a man, and let your soul come out of its prison to bathe in a new atmosphere, an atmosphere of pure, sensitive life that reaches beyond the more fleeting realities that men attach so much importance to, but which are not permanent, you might then begin to love. I fear that you would not do that, for it means submission, self-abasement, a surrender of everything.”

“Yes! Yes!” cried I imploringly, “anything, Claudia. I am as nothing in your hands. Do with me as you will, only relieve me from this agony of desire that is devouring my soul.”

Claudia put her soft arms around my neck and, laying her soft cheek against mine, whispered in my ear: “Remember, you are not yourself; you are what I shall make you. If you submit entirely, you may know something of the power of woman’s love that laughs at pain and even death. But if you resist, I will leave you to yourself.”

“I am what you choose to make of me, my Claudia. I submit entirely to you.” Saying which, I lay still and closed my eyes, trembling with a fever of expectancy.

My bride placed her sweet lips against mine for the first time, and kept them there while she strained my body close to her bosom, so close that I could feel the throbbing of her heart. Amid the perfume of her breath and the intoxicating odor of her person, I felt my senses leaving me. I could feel her bosom rise and fall and her heart beat faster and faster. The blood coursed wildly through my veins; every nerve tingled with an ecstasy I never experienced before, and my body was dripping with perspiration, in spite of which my lips were as cold as death. I seemed to be lifted up on a soft, fleecy cloud floating in the golden light of a new sun. I could hear the whirr of gentle wings and the murmur of heavenly music lulling my senses. I was living in an eternity of supreme bliss and time was nothing to me. Had I died in the warmth and splendor of the golden light that penetrated to my marrow, I would have been unaware of the transition. The blood began surging through my body with lightning speed; across my brain flitted visions of pink and purple light; I felt my marrow turning to water, when suddenly, a bright light flashing across my mental vision, I knew no more until I was awakened by the sweet lips of Claudia still pressed to mine, with the delicious fragrance of her person entralling my senses.

"Claudia," I weakly whispered between her kisses, "I love you, I love you." This time she permitted me to caress her without restraint.

"Francis," said she, "do you begin to understand what love is?"

"Oh, my Claudia, having felt and understood the power of your love, I am willing to die."

"Not that," whispered she, again placing her lips against mine, "live to love again."

Asking Her for a Kiss

You are alone with her in the parlor at last. She is looking more charming to-night than she ever seemed before. The gas, burning beneath shades of pink, throws a strange glamor over her tight-fitting gown.

You are talking of many things, all of which you know to be very uninteresting, even puerile. You have

tried to remember all the bright lines you rehearsed to yourself on the way to her house, but somehow your gray matter seems to have lost its wonted hardness, and with the assistance of your ever troublesome tongue twists all your clever quips into appalling blunders.

She is certainly kind-hearted, for she pretends not to notice your agitation. She smiles on you, and this gives you courage. You wonder if she really loves you or merely considers you as a toy with which to play away a few dull hours.

Finally you decide that the time has come to test her affection for you. You will ask for a kiss! You frame your request carefully in your mind, and then—oh, well, then you find that your intrepidity has fled instanter, and there is a cold, clammy perspiration on your brow.

Back you go to the same senseless prattle, but your eyes are riveted on the entrancing contour of her figure and your lips are fairly itching for that kiss. Like the soap baby, you'll not be happy till you get it.

At last your brain evolves a pretty scheme, and you decide to put it into operation at once. On the table in the center of the room is that wearisome family album you have looked into so many times. It will serve your purpose.

You take it up awkwardly and begin to turn the leaves. Suddenly you come to the photograph of her aunt, and you know who it is, but feign ignorance and look puzzled. The girl notices your ridiculous facial contortions and comes to your assistance. Bending over your shoulder she says, with a sweet smile: "Why, Mr. Sillibey, what a very poor memory you have. I've told you twice already who that is."

Now is the time to ask for the kiss. "Miss Ma-able," you stammer, "would you have any objection—that is—ahem!—isn't it a—a very good likeness?"

Well, well! We thought you'd do better than that. "Why, Mr. Sillibey," she says, "how do you know? You've never seen her!"

This strikes you speechless, and you feel as wretched as a New York music publisher for several minutes. Then you decide to make another attempt. You will speak right out now.

“Will you be angry if I—if I—that is (mopping your forehead dolefully) can I—er—take the liberty of—er—”

She comes to your assistance again. “Why certainly not,” she remarks. “Of course I’ll open the door if you are too warm. Why didn’t you tell me before?”

Cruel fate! You did not want that door open. But it is ajar now, and you are sad. The whole family may be out there in the dark hall grinning at you for all you know. This very thought is enough to give you nervous prostration. Oh, that a kindly gust of wind would slam that door shut and keep it so!

You worry along for a few minutes with commonplace talk, and then suddenly discover that she is in a draught. You get up to close the door, but she says you need not do so, as she will change her seat. You are nonplused.

Again you seat yourself and continue your misery. Finally you remark that you are feeling just a little cold, and you shamble over and shut the door clumsily before she objects.

Now you will begin again. You will say what you intend to say if the roof falls in. We shall not describe the painful manner in which you rid yourself of the words. But you *have* asked for the kiss!

There is silence—deep funeral silence. She doesn’t look at you. You are cogitating on what you should do next. Is she offended? You repeat your query in a weak, halting voice.

Suddenly she looks at you. Oh, that glare! And then—and then she says in a half-scornful manner, “Why. MR. Silliboy! You——”

She doesn’t say it very loud, but you imagine she does, and can see the indignant look on her old father’s face as he hears it in the library (you do not know that he is upstairs in bed); and you await his appearance with a shotgun to slaughter you. And you fancy that her voice has drawn a crowd outside the house, who are breathlessly expecting further developments.

The most wretched man on earth, you will beg pardon and leave her, and hide somewhere for weeks! “Miss

Smith," you say, "if I have offended you I—er—am truly sorry. I—"

She looks at you not quite so severely for a moment, and then breaks into a teasing little laugh. (We could have made this otherwise, but desire to show only the bright side.) "Why, you foolish boy," she says; "of course you can kiss me. But you must take but one, and you mustn't tell!"

And that kiss! What a wretched failure you make of it. You plead for another. She refuses (but candidly, she is willing enough and you are dead "slow").

Soon you discover that it is time to go. She goes to the door with you. As you say good night you lean over and try to kiss her—but you don't achieve your object. You osculate with her hair on the doorknob. As you go home you think it over and picture the "picnic" you will have the next time you visit her.

This is how you should have kissed her when you had the chance: After slipping one arm around her yielding waist and taking her soft, white hand (or whatever kind it may be) in yours, you should have drawn her head gently to your shoulder, so that her azure eyes looked full into your face and then slowly bent your head and pressed your lips softly against hers. You should have kept them there awhile—getting all the honey the flower contained while you were about it; and if you thought that more remained you should have repeated the experiment over and over again.

GEO. B. GLAD.

How the Widow Was Consoled

BY DUPONT-VICARS

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THE lovely Almira's father dying in Mexico after he had accumulated a surprising quantity of this world's goods, she came to the city with her mother and enormous wealth.

- Soon after her arrival, the mother followed her dear one, leaving the tender Almira, then about eighteen years of age, sole mistress of fabulous riches, which, added to the voluptuous charms of an almost celestial beauty, soon made her the cynosure of all eyes.

The constant chronicles of her doings in the daily press and pictorial magazines, through an active press agent engaged at a high salary; her photogravures on soap, cigarettes, baking powder, beer and whiskey bottles, together with detailed inventories of her large stock of diamonds, jewelry and bric à brac, goaded the amasculated dudes and debilitated sons of millionaires, stock brokers, university professors, prominent divines and heavily mortgaged real estate owners into a frenzy of eroticism and covetousness. She was the queen of the ball everywhere, and occupied a front seat on the automobile. The fellows literally fell over one another in their haste to render homage to her person, and incidentally cast an eye on her wealth. She received numberless offers of hearts and hands that were somewhat withered by long practice at the same game, and she would have been the female Solomon of the twentieth century had she accepted all of the hands, long unused to sign other than kite checks, that were spread out before her, after the fashion of second-hand clothes dealers expatiating on the superior merits of their wares.

In the course of human events, the crowd of worshippers at her shrine were sifted down to two particular individuals, one of whom was an alleged wealthy, but charred in the wick, widower, of uncertain age, who possessed large landed interests that required the aid of somebody else's money to lift the mortgages and tax liens, and who was the father of an only son, Stephen, who, at that time, was pursuing his studies in the science of football, golf, boating and etiquette among the co-eds of one of the most celebrated and heavily endowed universities in the country.

The other aspirant was a young, lusty, amiable and handsome young man, whose first name was Horace, his other name being withheld for family reasons. Horace was not only a member of an athletic club, but he was also the cashier in the bank where the lovely Almira de-

posited her cash, and his services in licking stamps upon her numerous checks drew her towards him, until it needed only a few blushes, stammers and glances to knit their hearts together in the ties of love.

It was not unnatural for Almira to prefer the bank cashier to the superannuated, incumbered real estate man, for her intuition told her that the latter, by reason of his age, must be infirm of purpose, except to relieve his corner lots from the clutches of his creditors. Indications she had often observed in Horace had demonstrated to her that he would be amply able to accomplish the purpose she had in view in marrying; hence she selected him as her spouse and her financial agent.

This destruction of his objects and dearest aims so enraged the widower, who perceived that all was lost, and he brooded over it so constantly, that he worked himself up into a fit of neurasthenia, during which he shot dead the unfortunate Horace, immediately after the fatal words pronouncing his love the bride of another were uttered at the altar.

Down upon the palpitating frame of her incomplete husband fell the lovely maid and widow in a dead faint, out of which she finally revived, after the most approved modern medical experiments had been almost exhausted.

It was pitiful to hear her lamentations over the cold, unresponsive shell of one from whom she had expected so much, and for several days it was deemed necessary to closely watch her, lest she should attempt to follow him.

However, through the unremitting sympathy and advice of her friends, she regained her spirits, and became imbued with sentiments of revenge upon the dastard who had so suddenly destroyed all her anticipations. She settled down into one fixed, grim purpose, to the accomplishment of which she vowed her entire existence upon earth, to-wit, revenge upon the murderer. She secured the pistol from which had sped the fatal bullet, keeping it loaded, well oiled and ready for use at a moment's notice. Moreover, she had her husband's head embalmed and placed in a rich, golden casket. This she enshrined upon a special altar erected in her private apartment, and before it daily she renewed her oath to

pursue to the ends of the earth the villain who had brought low her love.

Her rooms were draped in the deepest black, and she wore nothing but the severest emblems of mourning, compelling her servants to clad themselves in the same habiliments of woe. Upon her table were served only funeral baked meats, and she went so far in her sorrow that she would never touch anything but dark meat.

Society knew her not, the virgin widow passing her entire time, when not engaged in sleeping or absorbing nourishment necessary to give her strength to carry out her plans of vengeance, in weeping before her heart's shrine. She called to her aid, in tracking down her husband's destroyer, the most skilful detectives, who were the only outsiders that had access to her, and then only when they came to report that they were on the point of capturing the murderer, but needed just a little more money for traveling expenses, which, however, was quite frequently.

The wretched widower, who had recovered from his attack of emotional insanity as soon as a verdict of acquittal made it safe for him to do so, developed a cunning and a shrewdness in keeping out of her way that was truly remarkable, even hobnobbing with the keen sleuths on his track, without their ever penetrating his disguise. He felt like all men who have overdone things, and he suspected that the lady would not permit him to escape without inflicting some kind of adequate punishment upon him, although he was unaware of the extent of the preparations made to annihilate him. He knew very well that, even though she should kill him, the same kind of a jury that acquitted him could be found to acquit her. He therefore made it his special business to keep out of the angry widow's way.

One day the sorrowing widow maid, while on a trip to a suburban place of resort for much-needed air and exercise, met with an accident on the road, a puncture in her bicycle tire, of such proportions that it could not be repaired without the services of an expert. Her valet went ahead to engage rooms for the night in a near-by hostelry, but returned soon after, and in a troubled voice advised his mistress to walk on to the next estab-

lishment, as in the one which she contemplated passing the night was a gentleman who might cause her pain and inflict further pangs upon her bleeding heart.

"This gentleman," confessed the valet after much pressing, "is no other than the only son of the villain who extinguished your beloved husband at the altar."

Undismayed at this information, the heart of the widow gave a great bound of joy, and she announced her determination to pass the night at that particular hotel, under the very same roof with the son of the destroyer of her whole life's happiness, and nowhere else. She smiled to herself, for she saw revenge at last within her reach.

When settled in her apartments, she gave strict orders that she was not to be disturbed under any circumstances except in case of fire or deluge, and, shutting herself up alone, she took out from her bosom the golden casket containing her husband's heart, pressed it to her lips, and in a voice choked with emotion and sobs, thus soliloquized:

"Oh, deplorable and only remnant of him I once loved above all else in the world, and of the only one I can or could, shall or should, will or would ever love, behold the hour of vengeance at hand. A vengeance to which I have always aspired, and which I have sworn to accomplish in an inflexible manner. Who knows better than I the misery of surviving an adored one, and the sufferings incidental to the rude dashing of the cup of joy from my lips just as I was on the eve of quaffing it? My vengeance shall be terrible. The only son of this monster, the apple of his eye, must die. I will destroy his hopes as he destroyed mine. A crime is necessary to expiate a crime: blood must be repaid with blood."

Bowing her head in silence over the casket for a few moments, the widow next took up the pistol and carefully reloading it, placed it in her bosom within easy reach. Then with a tranquil air, she summoned a servant of the house and presenting her with a purse filled with gold, said:

"At midnight introduce me into room 13. I have important business with its occupant. Do not breathe a word of this to a living soul."

The servant took the purse, nodded and smiled significantly for all response, and, putting her finger to her lip in a token of secrecy, departed. Exactly upon the stroke of midnight, the servant found the widow ready and waiting impatiently. She conducted her to the door of the young man's room, and after opening it with a skeleton key, incontinently fled after thrusting a dark lantern into the hand of the intruder. Hesitating but a moment, the widow boldly pushed open the door, intent only upon carrying out her deadly purpose. Without a tremor of the nerves, she approached the bed whereon her victim lay sleeping, and cast the rays of the lantern upon his face. At sight of him her heart was filled with fury, and drawing the pistol she cocked it and invoking the name of her deceased husband, was upon the point of pressing the trigger, when something in his appearance as he lay before her impelled her to pause and examine him more closely.

The young man was sound asleep, and appeared to her like a young god in his youthful health, strength and beauty. He lay with one arm thrown carelessly over his head, while the other was extended by his side. The warm tint of youth was visible upon his cheeks, and she could perceive the perfection of his manly form beneath the thin covering thrown carelessly over him. A feeling of compassion entered her breast and momentarily banished all revengeful sentiments.

"Ah, if it could only have been another than this youth's father who bereft me of my all. He is so young, so full of life. If he could be my Horace."

But faithful to her oath, she again raised the deadly weapon, though this time her hand trembled and her eyes were dimmed with an unaccustomed moisture. The youth stirred in his sleep and uttered a woman's name.

"Ah," murmured the widow, "he loves also—what am I about to do? Involve another, perhaps, in a sea of woe, one who will feel the heart pangs I have suffered? But why should she not suffer as well as I? Stay, an idea. He mentioned a woman's name. If I should let him live and take him from her! That would be a revenge, perhaps one that would soften my own sufferings more than if I take his life. What a pity to cut this

developing bud from its stem just as it is expanding into a beautiful flower! No, I cannot do it." Then, as a tear oozed from her eyelid, she let the pistol drop.

The sleeper suddenly awoke, aroused by the crash of the falling pistol, and, grasping the weapon which he always kept beneath his pillow when traveling, turned in the direction of the disturbance. He was amazed to perceive a vision of loveliness kneeling before him supplicatingly with arms extended towards him.

"Forgive me," she whispered faintly, "forgive a weak and sensitive woman for her wicked intent to extinguish forever the light of your eyes. I am that unfortunate Almira, a name that will recall the crime of your father and explain the motive of my fury against you, his son, and my desire for vengeance. Spare me and I will love a life I owe to you."

These words and the attitude of the beautiful being before him stirred the heart of the young man to its depths and filled him with emotions to which he had hitherto been a stranger. Springing from his couch, he raised up the lovely creature and himself knelt at her feet, whence he informed her of the death of his father, and implored her to let the memory of his crime remain buried in the tomb. He gave her to understand that he had always deplored the untimely fate of the unfortunate Horace, and had meditated such reparation as might be within his power, and he blessed the accident that had brought her to him where he could express his sentiments.

"If," said he, "you are not wholly satisfied I am ready to give up my life, if by means your husband's spirit can be appeased and your own sorrow mitigated."

Saying which, he took up the pistol she had dropped and presenting it to her, bared his breast and bade her shoot. But she cast it away from her and burst into a paroxysm of tears. Kneeling before her the young man took her in his arms and endeavored to console her.

Lackawanna Jack's Ideal Kiss, or, How to Kiss a Girl

How to kiss a girl is a question easily asked and easily answered.

Few people lack knowledge of how to kiss a girl. They all have their own ideas on the subject and do not care a jot as to how a girl should be kissed, so long as they get an opportunity to give practical demonstration of their devotion to the art.

However, the fact that the question is asked would indicate that there is a "something" about kissing a girl that lots of would-be kissers don't know and are anxious to find out. I believe this "something" is not the knack of actual kissing, but a correct knowledge of the best way to bring about the happy opportunity, and the individual who can make his opportunities crop up "many times and oft" is indeed a man to incur the jealous admiration of his fellows.

The man who knows enough to broach the subject to a pretty girl within fifteen minutes of their introduction (supposing, of course, they *have* been introduced), without spoiling his chances, is a man to admire. Keep your eyes open and you will see him sooner or later. When you see him just make a note of what he says and does, and follow his example. You may get your kiss, and you may not. If he succeeds there is no good reason why you should not receive the crowning kiss as a reward for your impertinence, provided you are up against the same girl.

Just watch him closely now. See how he slowly but surely sidles up to her. Watch his sparkling eyes, and hers. She does not appear to notice what he is doing. Her eyes are cast down and she is in a deep study. The pattern of the floor carpet is extremely interesting (maybe); but if you are close enough you will see that the pupils of both half-closed eyes are strained to the extreme corners of those drooping lids.

She anticipates the next move and anxiously awaits the very slight cough which she instinctively knows will

be given as a signal to look up. She has probably been practising surprised looks all day, and now you see the genuine surprised (!) look she turns upon him at finding a silken mustache so close to where her little shell-like ear was before she turned her surprised look on.

He doesn't hesitate a fraction of a second, but pecks a little kiss from her lips before the surprised look disappears, and then promptly starts in to apologize and hopes she doesn't think him unforgivable for taking an unfair advantage of her defenseless attitude.

He swears by all that's good and holy that this is the first time in his life that he has done such a thing, but the irresistible magnetism of her charming personality had taken sudden possession of his being and he was powerless to resist.

She at first buries her face in her hands and executes a few well-rehearsed sobs. These gradually subside, and by the time he gets through the apologetic speech—which she almost knows by heart herself—she has worked her face back into a position where she can turn on him a look of injured innocence, with a little dash of indignation thrown in, which she knows will be most suitable to the occasion.

He meets the haughty, injured gaze by rising to his feet and, with "tears in his voice," begs forgiveness, promising, on his word of honor as a gentleman, to keep his mouth forever sealed against breathing one word of what has happened if she will only forgive him and permit him to withdraw. This has a startling effect on the lady, for she immediately buries her face in her hands again and sobs almost violently. She half believes he is sincere in his offer to retire and is deadly afraid that the one little "peck" will be the only kiss that is coming to her.

He has been there before many a time and well knows that a little fellow feeling and sympathy go a long way toward smoothing over the ruffled path which usually follows an uninvited kiss; so he retakes his position close to her side and, still standing, bends slightly, and gently, oh, so gently, lays his hand on her shoulder, and with the same "tears in his voice" begs to be allowed to go.

He promises never again to allow his heart to be

moved to indiscreet expression by her sweet charms ; he appreciates the terrible wrong he has done her, and regrets his lack of self-control. How his heart bleeds for her sorrow and the pain he has so unconsciously brought upon her nobody but he knows, and nobody shall know.

She is apparently impressed by his noble-hearted sincerity, and suppresses her sobs and rising to her feet turns on a specially-constructed forgiving and angelic smile. The ease and supreme correctness with which this smile is unburdened shows what can be accomplished by diligent practice before a pier glass.

Now you are getting nearer to the real thing—the ideal kiss. Just watch his face brighten up ; notice the little face play he now executes. See his lips open slightly to show his white teeth ; watch the upward tendency of the corner of his mouth ; notice the lifted brow and the wide-open eyes.

“And you forgive me !” he whispers. “Yes,” she answers, now slightly inclining her head.

He impulsively takes one step forward, raises the hand that is hanging limply by her side and presses it slightly. With maidenly shyness she turns her head and looks vacantly in the opposite direction, but she takes good care not to draw her hand away.

Notice carefully that he has her right hand in his right hand and with almost imperceptible movement he brings his left shoulder just behind her right.

His left arm gradually steals around her waist. Pressure is then very slightly applied, to which she gently but positively yields. The pressure draws them closer together. Her shoulder touches his breast. Now he puts all the pressure into his own left hand, and slowly but surely induces her left shoulder to turn towards him. In a moment they are almost face to face. Her head instinctively droops and finally rests on his shoulder.

Not a word is spoken, but the language of the now upturned eyes appeal more strongly and with greater force than aught else can. He looks down into those soulful eyes, penetrates the depth and breadth of the forgiveness there portrayed and gradually allows his head to bend to hers.

The light is too strong—she closes her eyes and remains

motionless. In ordinary times this simply means "I'm ready." This is no ordinary occasion, but the action, however, has the same meaning. He takes the hint. But does he now hurry to take advantage of the opportunity? Not a bit of it. Does he "peck" a little hasty kiss and jump back as if hurt? Well, I guess not.

Just watch him take his time. See his lips slowly find hers. Notice the little side to side movement of his head as he tries to find the exact spot from which to extract the most honey. He finds it. A long, lingering, quivering kiss follows. He is loath to withdraw; so is she. But they must breathe. As she has practised holding her breath and knows her capacity and powers of endurance, she is the last to give in, but he, almost panting for breath, has to break away. That, boys, is my ideal kiss, and I've sampled a few.

LACKAWANNA JACK.

The Value of a Kiss

A young school girl and an old maid are two parties who sometimes think that the value of a kiss cannot be estimated. Indeed, a kiss seems to have some tangible value, as it often changes the course of men's and women's lives. But the actual value of at least one kiss was determined last January, when Mrs. James Brown Potter, the famous actress, sold a kiss to a Hindoo for twenty guineas, or something over \$100. She sold this "priceless gem" through patriotism, turning over the money she received for it to the fund for the South African war.

The gentleman of swarthy face is said to have received an exceedingly warm imprint on his lips.

Not half an hour after the delivery of the kiss, newspaper reporters were sent out to interview the most prominent actresses as to what the exact value of a kiss should be, and what they thought of the \$100 kiss.

Lillian Russell said of the affair: "As a general thing I do not approve of the promiscuous giving of kisses. I would not venture to set a staple value on them, for a

kiss given by one woman is apt to have different worth in different eyes.

"I should say that a caress given a Hindoo for twenty guineas is dirt cheap, even in the name of charity. He should have paid many times more. If a patriotic Apache or Sioux should offer me that sum I would hesitate. Charity begins at home, after all.

"Still, a woman might shut her eyes tightly and never know the difference when it was all over."

Mrs. Langtry deliberated for many minutes before she ventured an opinion. Then she said:

"All I will say is that I am sure there are Americans who would be ashamed to offer so small an amount as twenty guineas for a kiss from—er—any actress. Really, I think the soldiers in South Africa should regard Mrs. Potter as a benefactress."

Miss Olga Nethersole said that she would do anything to aid the wounded in a war of her country.

"Of course," she added, reflectively, "I don't say I would give a Sapho kiss for so paltry a sum as twenty guineas; but I'd let any man kiss me in public for that."

Edna May diplomatically said: "After all, it wouldn't be quite proper to place any value on a kiss, don't you think?"

"Yes," remarked Grace George, "I think I would. An actress has to allow actors to kiss her in order to earn her salary, so why not let a man who would pay such a sum of money in order to relieve suffering brothers? Why, yes, of course I would," she added, emphatically, "and I'd be proud of it, too!"

Louise Hepner smiled sweetly when the question was asked her, and her big eyes danced with fun. "I don't see any harm in a woman kissing a man in the presence of hundreds of people," she said, "when she knows it is going to mean money for the aid of the injured."

Anna Held, the inimitable, pouted very prettily.

"Oui, messieur," she said, "only I would ask more than the twenty guinzees. I would ask the five hundred dolls. I once sold my pictaire on ze streets of Petersburg for ze poor children's Christmas tree for ze sum of one hundred dolls. Surely ze kiss is worth five times ze photo-graf—ees it not?"

"Kiss a man to help the British! Not on *your* life!" exclaimed Maggie Cline; "but, say, I'll kiss a wounded Fenian or a member of Camp 19 for nothing, and buy him a dinner besides."

Mrs. Edna Wallace Hopper coughed once or twice, and then observed:

"Mrs. Potter did just right. I'd kiss half the United States if I thought it was going to bring relief to the poor fellows off in the Philippines; yes, and I'd kiss to raise money for wounded British or Boer soldiers, too. That is, I wouldn't kiss, but I'd let a respectable-looking man kiss my cheek under the circumstances."

The Stage Kiss

WRITING about kissing on the stage, Hillary Bell, the celebrated dramatic critic of the *New York Press*, says:

"Kissing is like quail—delightful but satisfying. People who have enjoyed it say that executed in the right manner under the auspices of Cupid, with Hymen awaiting, it is one of the finest things in life. But you can get too much even of a good thing, and it is not every man who can undertake a dozen quail or a hundred rosy lips.

"During the progress of her once famous kisses, Emma Abbott exhausted many tenors. After her first season in 'Carmen,' Olga Nethersole bowled over her Don Jose, who began as a stalwart young Englishman and ended as a mere shadow, and he has since gone into consumption. In one of the Daly farces Ada Rehan and John Drew did some ecstatic kissing, and if he had not removed to another management, our comedian might now be like his companion humorist, James Lewis, in heaven. It would appear that in the theatre at least the ladies can stand more kisses than the men. Emma Abbott retired in health and wealth, Miss Nethersole is playing Sapho in full vigor, and Miss Rehan shows no signs of wear or tear.

"In grand opera an expert kisser can demand a high salary. Gounod in his musical version of Shakespeare's tragedy makes Romeo hang on the lips of Juliet for an

unconceivable time, and the lyric lovers stretch out their osculation to a degree which the bard of Avon, being a modest man and married, never intended. The opening scene in 'Tannhauser' shows the tenor exhausted by a kissing bout, while the lovely Venus is wide awake, and, like Oliver Twist, asking for more. The first act of 'Die-Walkure' shows Siegmund and Seiglinde in rapt osculation when the lady's husband has gone to bed and thinks no such thing of his spouse. In the second act, the lovers, having eloped, must have a lot of kisses before the co-respondent is run through the middle by the irate husband. Brunnhilde, in the same opera, is put to sleep—not as the pugilists have it—by a kiss from the wanderer, a salute so powerful and lasting that she dreams of it for twenty years. In Wagner's 'Siegfried,' the hero fastens his lips to those of Brunnhilde with such a lingering fervor that the orchestra plays enough music to stock a small comic opera before he breaks away."

The Kiss Analyzed

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

THE lips that have been innocent of passion's kiss frequently ooze with gossip's poison.

The accumulated knowledge of ages is sometimes revealed in a kiss; and one might add that where wisdom is bliss it is folly to be ignorant.

Never to have been kissed is never to have lived. Perhaps it is a secret consciousness of this which renders the unkissed women of earth so bitter in their denunciations of the love enlightened—just as the very poor denounce the very rich as enemies to the world.

The kiss is not all sweet. It contains the sting as well as the honey of the bee.

Love's favorite pastime is the progressive kiss.

When a man woos a woman he usually begins demonstrations by kissing her gloved hands—an innocent enough act surely.

But it does not long satisfy him. The glove is in the way, and he longs to press his lips to her soft flesh—the

white fingers first—then the pink palm, and the blue-veined wrist.

She blushes a little at this and draws her hand away, yet, surely, it is not very wrong, she thinks.

After that he begs to kiss her cheek—just one little touch of the lips to its velvet surface—no more. Such a tiny favor to ask! And if one cheek is caressed, why not the other? It is unfair to show favoritism. Crossing from the left cheek to the right leads directly over love's domain—the lips, the home of kisses.

After a woman has given her lips to a man she becomes either a great deal or nothing to him. Unless she is a thorough woman of the world or a great reader of human nature she can never be sure which result will ensue. It depends upon the man, the situation and the kiss. He may adore her, or despise her; believe in her, or distrust her; cling to her always, or leave her forever.

Marriages are made, and missed, by the kiss. It is the lasso which leads some men to the altar, and it is the blade which severs the tie uniting others to their lady loves.

Therefore, the game of the progressive kiss is the most perilous of pastimes for any save the woman on the eve of her marriage to indulge in.

There is a subtle psychological difference in the temperament of man and woman, which underlies the danger. He does not turn from her lips with the same sentiment with which she turns from his after the kiss is exchanged. She is excited by her emotions; he is only irritated. To her it is an epoch, the first ardent kiss she has known. To him it is merely the latest. If she has known others, she has the art of forgetting them utterly and believing the experience to be new and this man different from all others. But he, on the contrary, classes her with a lot of other women he has kissed. Until she gave him her lips she seemed part from and above them.

It is wiser to be remembered as the one woman a man wishes he could have kissed than to be forgotten among those he has caressed.

The Way to Kiss a Girl

By LENORE WHITE

Question. "The way to kiss a girl?"

Answer. Being a girl myself, I am not *au fait* in the mode of operation. But assuming that "kisser" is masculine, and "kissee" feminine, I feel inclined to *embrace* the opportunity—or, more properly from a final standpoint, let the opportunity *embrace me*—and all myself on the subject.

The "kisser," if he knows his business, will agree with me that privacy and reciprocation are essential conditions necessary to a full realization of osculatory delights. Therefore, two people of opposite sexes, in some sequestered spot free from all intrusion, are best calculated to conduct a harmonious kissing *bee*.

Four eyes, two mouths and a pair of strongly beating hearts, away from the prying gaze of the outer world, are quite sufficient to lessen the contrast between *earth* and *heaven*.

No doubt, Mr. Editor, you have seen the rift in the clouds yourself, felt the beatific influence, and heard the angels singing on many occasions. You thoroughly understand the clasping of arms, the collision of bodies, the pursing and pressure of lips and the consequent entrancement, without any illustration on the part of a novice like myself. However, though not a practitioner, I herewith append a point or two in rhyme for the guidance of beginners in the fascinating but somewhat demoralizing *art of kissing*.

THE WAY TO KISS A GIRL

If you'd enjoy the heavenly bliss
Extracted from a luscious kiss,
Then learn the art of arts most thrilling,
By catching, first, a girl that's willing;
And when you've caught her, as a test,
Just clasp her closely to your breast;
And if responsive to your greeting,
You'll know it by her heart's quick beating.
Then let your lips hers gently meet;

Take one long breath—and then repeat.
You'll find in this sweet occupation
The acme of all osculation,
The cream of all entrancing blisses—
"Tis just the way my sweetheart kisses.

LENORE WHITE.

How Kisses May be Sent by Mail

SINCE the day the first love letter was entrusted to the mails—and that is a very long time ago—sweethearts all over the land have mourned the truth of the sorrowful axiom that "kisses can't be sent by post."

Now, those sorrowful ones can take heart, for there has risen a guide to point a path through the desert of absence. A Washington girl has invented a method of sending kisses by mail. Never again need the sighing but distant maiden place an inky cross at the bottom of her letter as the conventional symbol of a long-distance kiss, for this Washington wonderworker has devised a method by which she can present to the favored one the living image of a kiss from her own rosy lips. It is a sort of sign label, incapable of forgery or successful imitation. It is the veritable documentary evidence of a kiss given and received, and it may yet prove to be of vast legal import. Like many another good thing the mailable kiss was discovered by accident—at least that is what the inventress says. She also declares that it was first imprinted upon paper, but that also is a statement unsupported by independent testimony. The first kiss ever successfully sent by mail is in evidence, but where are the papers showing the experimental stages? Even paper, be it remembered, was originally parchment—and parchment is skin.

According to the inventress, the method of the discovery was this: It happened one day that she wished to write a letter to "him." It was a chilly day and blustery, she says, and to protect her carmine lips from the salute of the winds she reached for a box of salve upon her dressing-table and therewith liberally

anointed her lips. And in that salve was a considerable percentage of rouge.

The letter having been finished, it was adorned at the foot with the conventional brace of inky crosses. Now, she hadn't seen him for a very long time, and the last letter he wrote was really a nice one, so that it was understandable that, the cross having been made—and blotted—she should press her lips once to the letter.

The rouge in the salve did the rest. It was a little greasy, perhaps, but the unintentional result was a very perfect picture of a pair of pursed lips. The inventress was so pleased that she tried it again, and the second picture was better than the first.

When those pictures reached their destination it did not need the inscription, "These are genuine," to tell the recipient what to do with them. They spoke for themselves.

No patent upon the process has yet been applied for, but a slight improvement in the original method has been made. It is now the fashion to slightly damp the paper and to dust with dry powder the lips of the sender. It works just as well, and the kisses don't "run."

Kisses a la Gibson

ONE of the most popular Gibson pictures shows a Cupid cook perched on top of a barrel, a saucepan in his hand and a chef's cap on his head. He is lecturing on his art to a group of long-limbed, small-waisted Gibson girls and a few strenuous-looking Gibson men. This is his recipe for kisses: To one piece of dark piazza add a little moonlight—take for granted two people. Press in two strong ones a small, soft hand. Sift lightly two ounces of attraction, one of romance; add large measure of folly; stir in a floating ruffle and one or two whispers. Dissolve half a dozen glances in a well of silence; dust in a small quantity of hesitation, one ounce of resistance, two of yielding; place the kiss on a flushed cheek or two lips; flavor with a slight scream and set aside to cool. This will succeed in any climate if all directions are carefully followed.

A Kissing Soup Party

A novel custom, started in the days of the Civil War, prevails in the eastern part of West Virginia. At Shepherdstown they have "Kissing Soup Picnics" and "Kissing Soup Parties." Each person invited brings a dressed chicken, the host providing the vegetables. Poultry and vegetables are placed in large kettles holding from ten to twenty gallons, and the combination is cooked over open fires for several hours, or until it is reduced almost to a jelly. Pepper and other seasonings are introduced. The girls and boys, of all ages, stir the soup with long-handled iron spoons, keeping up a walk around the kettles as they do so. When a girl's spoon clicks against the spoon of a young man, he is at liberty to catch and kiss her. Of course there are many lively skirmishes and a great deal of fun in the game. When the soup is done it is ladled out into plates and eaten. It is said to be delicious.

Kissing Games

Here is a kissing pastime that is much in vogue just now:

A ring is formed with a youth or girl in the center, around whom the jolly circle slowly march, singing:

"King William was King James' son,
And from the royal ranks he sprung;
And on his breast he wore a star
To let them know his rank in war."

While this valuable and pertinent historical fact is being proclaimed, the youth in the middle is supposed to be pondering upon the maid of his choice. The chorus then gets specific, and gives him some definite instructions, thus:

"Now look to the East,
Now look to the West,
And look to the one that you love best;
If she's not here to take your part,
Then choose one that is next to your heart."

The last line has no reference to what might be thought a geographical situation, but simply means a second choice. After the young man has chosen, the chorus commands:

"Down on the carpet you must kneel,
As sure as grass grows in the field;
Salute your bride and kiss her sweet—
Now you must rise upon your feet."

While exception may be taken to the grammar, the actions suit the words, and none of the participants have been known to refuse on the ground of faulty syntax to anything less than chapped lips.

Another game in high favor is called "The Needle's Eye."

A boy and a girl stand on stools, holding each other's outstretched hands so as to form a sort of bridge, while the rest of the company form couples and march under the bridge in slow procession, singing:

"The eye of the needle is so small,
And yet it is so true;
It has caught many a smiling kiss,
And now it may catch you.
It has caught one,
It has caught two,
And now it has caught you."

At the announcement, "It has caught one, it has caught two," the bridge of arms encircles a couple and then releases them, but when the final, "It has caught you," comes the couple are held till they embrace and kiss.

The old standbys, "Post Office," "Drop the Handkerchief," "Pillow," and "In a Well," are still prime favorites, and too well known to be described here.

Kisses that Brought Good and Bad Luck

A Kiss that brought a fortune was reported from the West last week. A young fellow drifted into a mining town in Wyoming without a penny in the world, and so hungry that, after finding no opportunity to get work immediately, he asked some men who were drinking in a saloon for the price of a meal, offering in return to do anything they should require in payment. The men, being somewhat under the influence of liquor, gave the man a half dollar, and demanded that the stranger should make his word good, and do anything which they asked of him. They then ordered that he should walk over to the hotel and kiss the daughter of a wealthy eastern mine owner who had arrived in town that morning with his family to look after some property.

The young man was actually starving, and in such a mental condition that it made little difference to him what he did. He immediately walked over to the hotel, followed by the men who had given him the half dollar. The daughter of the mine owner was sitting on the veranda reading. The starving stranger walked up to her without a word and kissed her.

The young woman screamed and sprang from her chair, and her father, dashing from the hotel, gave the stranger a blow in the face that sent him reeling over the railing around the veranda. He fell a distance of twelve feet or more, and, his head striking on a pile of rocks, he was almost dead when picked up.

The men who had been the cause of the affair were conscience-stricken when they saw their victim lying half dead among the rocks, and they at once explained everything to the mine owner. He and his daughter hurried to the stranger's relief, and had him brought into the best room of the hotel and tenderly cared for until he had recovered. Then he was given work in one of the capitalist's mines, and showed so much ability that he was soon made superintendent, and later on was given general charge of all the mine owner's western property.

He is now on the way to a fortune, and rumor also has

it that he is soon to wed the young woman in kissing whom he laid the foundation of all his prosperity.

Somewhat more dramatic than either of these two cases and one that had a sad instead of a happy ending, is a story of an incident that was reported at great length by English papers some six months ago. A citizen of London while strolling down the Strand one day suddenly rushed across the street and imprinted a kiss on the cheek of a lady who was passing. When hauled before the magistrate the man defended himself by declaring that he thought the woman he had kissed was an old sweetheart whom he had lost sight of for four years. The law could not accept this ingenious explanation and the prisoner was fined 40 shillings with costs.

A paper containing the full story of the affair found its way out to New Zealand and fell into the hands of the wife of a wealthy cattle dealer, who happened to be the woman who had at one time been the sweetheart of the man arrested in London. She at once wrote to the London man, saying that if he still loved her as he had declared in court to come at once to New Zealand, as her husband was dying and after his death she would wed her old sweetheart.

The London man sailed for New Zealand, but as soon as he landed was promptly arrested and lodged in jail. There he discovered that the woman who had sent for him had been arrested charged with poisoning her husband. The letter which the woman had written to the London man, and which was found in his trunk, was taken as additional proof of the charges against the woman and she was found guilty.

There was no evidence against the London man and he was released, but when he found the woman he had expected to marry was adjudged guilty of attempted murder and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, the London man promptly put a pistol to his head and blew his brains out.

A kiss stolen on a wager had an entirely different outcome. A young man who was out all night with a party that had been indulging in almost every intoxicant

sold in saloons made a wager with his companions that he would walk down the principal street of the town at eight o'clock that morning and kiss the first woman he met. This he did, but an hour or two later was horrified to find out that the young woman he had kissed was his employer's daughter. He decided that the best way out of the predicament was to go to his employer and confess the whole thing and utter the most fervent apologies he could think of.

The merchant, who was inclined to treat the matter rather lightly, because of the young man's straightforwardness, pointed out, however, that the town was not big enough to contain his daughter and his clerk who had impudently kissed her in public. Yet he felt that dismissal was too severe a punishment for what was only a rude joke. To equalize matters, therefore, he dismissed the clerk, but gave him a glowing letter of recommendation to a merchant in another town who at the time was wanting a capable clerk.

The letter was the means of the clerk securing the position, and in two years he had risen to the highest position in the establishment, and had been given a small interest in the firm. He is already receiving a thousand pounds a year, and is rising rapidly. The only dull part of the whole story is that there does not seem to be the slightest likelihood of the young man wedding the girl by kissing whom he paved the way to riches.

A young man in Leeds one day was joking with the daughter of the cigar store proprietor who was selling him a pipe. The customer suddenly leaned over the counter and printed a kiss on the pouting red lips of the maiden. The maiden screamed and boxed the young man's ears, and papa promptly broke two pipes and a cigar box or two over the customer's head.

The young man felt that the punishment was greater than the crime, and he had the tobacco dealer arrested. His case was laughed out of court, and everybody ridiculed him so much that in desperation he left Leeds and went down into South Africa.

After idling around Cape Town for a while he went to Kimberly, where he bought a small plot of land on

the chance of its containing diamonds. A few weeks later diamonds were discovered on the land adjoining, and a company offered to buy the plot of the Leeds kisser for a high figure. He refused to sell until \$40,000 was offered, for what had cost him \$600. He took his money and invested half of it in another piece of land, on which gold was afterward discovered, and which he sold for \$160,000.

So as a result of kissing the daughter of a tobacco dealer a young man made a fortune of \$180,000.

Shakespeare Modernized

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY UP TO DATE

To kiss, or not to kiss; that is the question;
Whether 'tis better not to kiss, to suffer
The torture of a pair of unused lips,
Or take into our arms some sweet unkissed,
And by much kissing end it? To kiss—and kiss—
Some more; and, kissing, to say we end
Lip hunger, and the thousand natural thrills
That mouths are heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To kiss—yea, kiss,
And kiss. Perchance to kiss—ay, that's the stuff;
For in four lips that kiss what dreams may come
Ere we have taken off their honey dew,
Must give us pause; there's the fresh hold
That makes of kissing much in a long life;
For who would bear a penury of smacks,
The loss of kisses on the budding lips
Of maid—the stolen, or the kiss held back,
The "kiss and keep it mum" of haughty lips.
Or any other choice and luscious kiss,
When he himself might settle down upon
The sweet pasturage? Who would it refuse,
To growl and swear at chances thrown away—
But that the coward fear of being caught,
The angry father, vengeful husband, who
Warns him away and scares him off with threats,
And makes him starve in pastures old and lean
Rather than jeopardize his skin in new?
"Tis kissing ought to make us bold as brass,
And though at first the nerves withstand the attempt.
When once the die is cast they bravely come,
And lead us on to kiss at every chance,
With this regard—o'er kissing turns us sour,

Lips lose their scope of action. Soft you, now!
The fair Maria! Nymph, my lips have at thee!
Come on, Madcuff! and damned be he who
First cries, "Hold! Enough! Let up! Break away!"

An Unwilling Kiss

Do not kiss
A pretty miss,
Unless she is quite willing.
If you do,
You'll surely rue
A thing that is love's killing.
Throw her off
Her guard, and scoff
At kissing as too foolish.
That she'll deny,
Perhaps she'll sigh,
Which is, of course, her finish!

The Mouth to Kiss

How do you like ripe rosebud lips,
Wet with the dew a busy bee sips?
Some like them, they're nice but they can't stand wear.
And the bee finds its pasture soon out of repair.
A mouth that stretches across the face,
Is good to kiss to keep up your pace;
But kissing's a thing that prefers to stay
In one spot without traveling too far away.
The best mouth to kiss is of medium size,
Moist lips, half-parted, inviting eyes,
Ready to fight, if attacked they be,
But willing that you should the conqueror be.
You walk right up to such a mouth,
Your own is parched with a long, long drouth;
Its owner's head on your left arm you press,
Bending it back for easy access;
Then feed upon nectar that flows like wine
From half-open lips—Is it not fine?

Nobody enjoys smoking a cigar in the dark because the smoke is invisible. But with a kiss it is different—the darker the better. A kiss is something to be felt, not seen. If not true, why do lovers always turn the lights down low?

"Antoinette, I heard something that sounded like a kiss just before Percival left you last night. Of course, that was to be expected, for your father did it to me when we were courting. But there is kissing and 'kissing.' Tell your mother, daughter, where Percy kissed you." "Why, mother, he kissed me on the veranda." "Daughter, daughter, that was very wrong. Your father never kissed me on the veranda; he always kisses me on the mouth."

A kiss is the only thing that is always worth full value. Other things a man pays for, he does not consider worth the money when he gets them.

Some people imagine dark tunnels are built by railroad companies for the particular benefit of lovers: at least they use them as if they were.

Kissing Jokes

He—Will you-er-that-is-er-will you give me just one kiss?

She—W-h-y, M-i-s-t-e-r Jones! I wouldn't be seen doing such a thing.

He—Well, no one will see you here. (Kisses her.)

Mabel—I was almost smothered last night—

Josephine—My! what a delightfully long-drawn kisser your beau must be.

"My lips are awfully sore."

"Did you try glycerine?"

"No; only a Chicago drummer."

Antique Cook—Your husband tried to kiss me last night, ma'am.

Up-to-date Wife—Yes, the poor fellow signed the pledge this morning.

He—Will you scream for help if I kiss you?

She—Not if you can do it satisfactorily without.

"I wonder why Miss Spite always kisses Miss Blemish when they meet. I know she hates her."

"Did you ever notice that it is always on the cheek that Miss Spite kisses Miss Blemish?"

"Yes, but what has that—"

"The freckles always show where the powder has been kissed off."

He (nervously)—I'd kiss you if I thought no one was looking.

Tommie (from under the sofa)—Oh, say! I can't see a thing. Go on!

"Why did you shake Charlie?"

"He was too good."

"Too good! How so?"

"When I gave him the one kiss he asked for, he said: 'Now I'm happy,' and didn't take any more."

Kisses Have Been Called

"The balm of love."

"Cupid's seal."

"The lover's fee."

"The fee of parting."

"The first and last of joys."

"The homage of the lips."

"The hostage of promise."

"Love's chief sign."

"Love's language."

"Love's mintage."

"Love's print."

"Love's tribute."

"Love's rhetoric."

"The nectar of Venus."

"The path to heaven and hell."

"The stamp of love."

"The pledge of bliss and love."

"The seal of bliss."

"The melting sip."

"Honey and gall."

"Nectar of life."

Then come and kiss me, sweet-and-twenty.—*Shakespeare*.

Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet,
In short, my deary, kiss me and be quiet.—*Montague*.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love.—*Byron*.

O Love, O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips as sunlight drinketh dew.—*Tennyson*.

The kiss—the gate to heaven.—*Penullanna*.

He kissed, then saw life new.—*Morton*.

~ The pansy, for its habit of coquettishly hanging its head and half hiding its face, has had many quaint names applied to it, such as, "Kiss me behind the garden gate," "Jump up and kiss me," and "Kiss me ere I rise."

"A Black Kiss"

The evening was pleasant, 'twas just after dark,
And I had gone out for a stroll in the park.
The shadows hung low o'er the pathway I tread,
And I was alone save a form just ahead.
The figure was graceful; I saw not her face;
And, seeking adventure, I quickened my pace.
She didn't seem frightened; that surely was kind;
I swiftly advanced till I drew close behind.

Ye Gods! what a figure! How fair she must be!
If I only dared to creep closer and see!
I could not resist a temptation like this.
My arms closed around her—I stole a quick kiss;
She turned around quickly—I saw her eyes flash;
And then she cried sternly: "Go 'way, yo' white trash."
I saw, and I fainted; I couldn't stand that;
I'd kissed an old negress as black as my hat.

—George B. Glass.

Kissing "Dont's"

Don't kiss everybody.
Don't sit down to it.
Don't be in a hurry.
Don't kiss big or little dogs.
Don't try to kiss all over a girl's face.
Don't make a noise about it.
Don't purse your lips and stick them out like a negro whistling.
Don't jab your lips at a pretty mouth after the fashion of an old rooster picking corn.
Don't muss her hair.
Don't puff or grunt.
Don't bite her cheeks.
Don't crush her starched collar.
Don't tread on her toes.
Don't let her know it is your first kiss.

Some Adjectives Employed to Describe Kissing

Ardent	Impressive
Affectionate	Inebriating
Burning	Joyful
Balmy	Lingering
Cold	Loving
Comfortless	Nervous
Divine	Poisonous
Deep-drawn	Ravishing
Dewy	Rosy
Eager	Rapturous
Frozen	Soothing
Frigid	Soft
Fragrant	Sacred
Forced	Timid
Flaming	Tender
False	Tempting
Gentle	Unwilling
Hallowed	Warm
Impassioned	Yum Yum

Pink Dominoes

By RUDYARD KIPLING

"They are fools who kiss and tell."

Wisely has the poet sung.

Man may hold all sorts of posts
If he'll only hold his tongue.

Jenny and me were engaged, you see,
On the eve of the Fancy Ball;
So a kiss or two was nothing to you,
Or anyone else at all.

Jenny would go in a domino—
Pretty and pink, but warm;
While I attended, clad in a splendid
Austrian uniform.

Now, we had arranged, through notes exchanged
Early that afternoon,
At Number Four to waltz no more,
But sit in the dark and spoon.
(I wish you to see that Jenny and me
Had barely exchanged our troth;
So a kiss or two was strictly due
By, from, and between us both.)

When Three was over, an eager lover,
I fled to the gloom outside;
And a domino came out also
Whom I took for my future bride.

That is to say, in a casual way,
I slipped my arm around her;
With a kiss or two (which is nothing to you),
And ready to kiss I found her.

She turned her head, and the name she said
Was certainly not my own;
But ere I could speak, with a smothered shriek
She fled and left me alone.

Then Jenny came, and I saw with shame
She'd doffed her domino;
And I had embraced an alien waist—
But I didn't tell her so.

Next morn I knew that there were two
Dominoes pink, and one
Had cloaked the spouse of Sir Julian Vouse,
Our big political gun.

Sir J. was old, and her hair was gold,
And her eye was a blue cerulean;
And the name she said when she turned her head
Was not in the least like "Julian."

Now wasn't it nice, when want of pie
Forbade us twain to marry,
That old Sir J., in the kindest way,
Made me his Secre-tarry?

KISSING BY TELEPHONE

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Pirates beware and study the law.

WHEN the woman at the soda water fountain turned
round to pay her bill she saw the fat clerk braced back

against the perfumery stand, fanning himself limply. "Did you hear that?" he asked.

"Hear what?" said the woman.

"What?" he repeated, incredulously. "It doesn't seem possible that anybody could become so absorbed in a glass of ice-cream soda as to miss that. I am talking of the osculatory performance of the woman who just went away from the 'phone.

"Honestly, that custom is a new one on me. I've been working in drug stores, one place and another, a good many years, and have heard several millions of women talk through the 'phone, but this is the first time I ever heard one of them kiss over the wire.

"Sure, didn't you hear it? Why, the smack sounded like a popgun. I'll bet the fellow at the other end of the line caught it, all right. He couldn't miss it, even if he was away out in San Francisco.

"I wonder if this thing of ending a telephone conversation is something new or is it an old fad that I am just catching on to because I am so mortal green? I'm used to hearing pet names slung over the wire by the dictionaryful, but this is my first kiss, figuratively speaking. It's funny. Long-distance kisses may be old style, but I tell you they're a novelty here."

THE KISSING TREES

BY CURTIS DUNHAM

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Pirates beware and study the law.

Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!

Susan, you tarry o'erlong.

The bird in the tree, the youth by the stile

Both to their tryst came many a mile.

Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!

Susan, you do him a wrong.

~-*Lyrics of Rustic Love.*

JOHN carried the brimming pail of milk while Dora walked by his side in the twilight, swinging her sunbonnet by the strings. Dora's cheeks were nearly as

brown as John's, but her throat and the round neck, where the fair ringlets clustered, were whiter than the foaming fluid in the pail—a whiteness so dazzling that it seemed luminous. It constantly sought John's eyes, though he tried to turn them elsewhere, and as they entered the shadow of an elm near the spring-house door he sighed.

"The pail is heavy," said Dora; "it holds twelve quarts. Let me have it now. It will take me but a moment to strain the milk into the pans, and then I will join you on the porch."

But John preferred to wait in the shadow of the elm. There is no shadow so full of sentiment as that cast by a tree that stands in the light of a full moon. As Dora disappeared through the door of the spring house John sighed again. He wore his Sunday clothes, just as he had every Thursday evening during all the three years that had witnessed his dumb quest of Dora's love. John could talk eloquently of his well-stocked farm, of the pleasant home he had built, of the new furniture, even of the piano in the front parlor. He had talked of these things to Dora, and Dora had listened with occasional expression of polite and neighborly interest—and John had tried in vain to fit his tongue to so much as a single syllable of love. Three years! And of late Dora's reserve toward him seemed to have deepened.

"Won't you come to the porch, John?"

Dora stood beside him under the elm. While he had stood there unprofitably musing she had done her work, made a quick and simple toilet and come to seek him. Her wholesome beauty and his sense of defeat gave him a sensation of faintness.

"No," he muttered, "I—I don't feel very well. I think I will—had better be going."

"Too bad," said Dora, "it is such a beautiful evening."

She glanced searchingly into his face, showing pale and distressed in the moonlight, and added in a softened voice that increased his misery:

"I will walk with you to the stile. Have you seen the sky picture of the harvester drinking water from a jug?"

"A sky picture?" said John, "what is that?"

"I will show you," said Dora.

The bit of meadow land which they crossed going toward the stile was skirted by a fringe of trees. In the daytime it appeared a straggling growth, but at night, with perspective limned, the distant treetops drew near, filling the gaps and completing a skyline, fantastically irregular, into which many strange shapes seemed to weave themselves. At the stile Dora stopped, and, pointing to the highest part of the outline, said:

"Do you see the tall elm, John, with the shorter maple beside it?"

"Yes," said John.

In pointing Dora had leaned slightly toward him and her shoulder barely touched his arm. John thought that if he could maintain that blissful contact for one minute he could die happy.

"The branches of the elm form the head, shoulders and upraised arms of a man," said Dora. "Do you see the picture, John?"

"Yes," but John saw nothing but Dora's shoulder resting against his arm.

"And the top of the maple, isn't it a perfect picture of a water jug?"

"Er—perfect," said John, without looking. He was trying the experiment of moving a millionth part of an inch nearer Dora's shoulder.

"The jug is tilted in the man's hands and his lips approach its mouth—for the man is very thirsty."

"Very thirsty," repeated John, who was not looking at the lips of the sky man, but at Dora's.

"You can almost see water dripping from the mouth of the jug," said Dora.

"Almost," said John, for Dora's shoulder was now resting firmly against John's wildly palpitating heart.

"Some people can see more than others in these sky pictures," said Dora. "Do you see anything more, John?"

Their positions were such, with Dora's right shoulder resting against John's left breast, that if John had prevented his left arm from falling half about Dora's waist it would have been necessary for him to resist the force

of gravity. With a recklessness that amazed him John decided not to interfere with the law of gravity. He even permitted his bold hand to creep forward along that delicious waist line an inch or two of its own accord. Then, for the first time, he looked at Dora's sky picture.

"Why," said John, "it isn't a jug at all."

"What is it?" whispered Dora. "I always thought, John, that the man looked like you."

"It's—it's the face of a girl," said John, growing dizzy. "And it's the image of yours."

"Oh, John, my lips are not like the mouth of a jug; and you can see for yourself that the man is thirsty—"

At that instant a rising breeze bent the elm treetop till the tips of the man rested upon those of the girl in the sky picture. Simultaneously John felt some irresistible power draw his lips down to Dora's.

Every moonlight night in Summer, from the front porch of the house he built for her, John and Dora continue to see and follow the example set for them by the "Kissing Trees."

LIP CULTURE IS THE LATEST ABSTRUSE SCIENCE

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Pirates beware and study the law.

EVER hear of "lip culture?" No? Well, there is such a thing, just as there is physical culture, mental culture, social culture and voice culture. It is in the latter that lip culture originated, but students of song are now but a small proportion of those who study it.

Society buds, with or without natural beauty, who wish to add to their resources of fascination, affect it. In truth, mobility and expressiveness of lip and mouth are being as much cultivated as was once the "baby stare," and, later, the much-ridiculed "goo-goo eyes" and other optical contortions calculated to awaken undue flutterings under masculine waistcoats. Actresses behind

the footlights, shop girls behind the counters, adventuresses behind the guns of diamond displays all are beginning to train their lips to uses at which nature will stand aghast.

Vocal teachers are as yet the chief instructors in the new art, for it arose to life in the fertile brain of one of the craft, who saw in it possibilities of purer tone production, and more sightliness in the facial presentment of such pupils as he would thrust before the public. He became so enthusiastic over experimental results he established in connection with his conservatory a "lip culture" class, to which any young or old miss with money and an inclination to greater attractiveness or love for the latest fad was eligible. This astute man has reaped subsidiary gain from his annex. His method of teaching is through vocal exercises, and several women who came to him without idea of becoming vocalists suddenly discovered—or, what is as good for the professor, thought they did—that they possess voices, and they enrolled themselves on the singing books.

Other vocal teachers, and some who are not, were attracted by the commercial and artistic value of the innovation and entered the lists. Generally each newcomer has a "system" of his own, which—like the systems of racetrack plungers—cannot fail of the most admirable results. These men, like all honest quacks, are not backward in advocating the merits of their several plans and deriding as false, unscientific and injurious those of their rivals.

These men teach in "studios" arranged for the purpose, or, if the remuneration is sufficiently tempting, at the homes of the candidates for coyness. The studio lessons are divided into "class" and "private," the latter, of course, being advertised at higher rates, but as being "cheaper in the end," because of the fuller opportunities of personal instruction. One of the more suave of these presurers has succeeded in organizing a select class of five girls of wealthy upper west-side families, who meet alternately at their several homes. So enthusiastic were the young things during the first week lessons were given every day. For a fortnight the class has met three times a week. Such instruction is care-

fully chaperoned, that the labial exercises may not assume the form of osculation.

It is to be recorded, however, that lip culture, after a month's careful practice, adds zest and ecstasy to compact between mouths of opposite sexes. Truth compels the explanation that the information comes from a swain whose betrothed has been under treatment.

From the viewpoint of vocal art, training of the lips is undoubtedly of perceptible benefit. Not only does facial mobility have influence upon the utterance of vowel sounds, but in dramatic song it aids in producing visibly the feeling expressed in text and music. Vowel characteristics proceed almost entirely from the lips, aided by the palate. The various vowel sounds cannot be produced with the mouth wide open. Vocal sounds with lips greatly distended must proceed from the throat, made by which organ all vowels seem alike.

The manner of using the lips varies the purity and sweetness of the vowels, adding to speech an unusual piquancy, and, the girl students think, to the face a variety of flirtatious expressions quite valuable in any campaign, frivolous or serious, against the masculine race. The method of the original advocate is for the fair creatures to continually emit the vowel sounds. When this is so done that each sound is absolute in clarity, the facial and lip muscles are brought into stronger action than they ever are in the course of ordinary speech or sound.

Newer "systems," however, send the physiognomy through manifold amazing contortions of ludicrous aspect and questionable value. This must be though, as each professor in the field must have something new. Alleged novelty and up-to-dateness is his stock in trade.

—*N. Y. Sunday Telegraph.*

EVOLUTION OF KISSING

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Pirates beware and study the law.

"KISSING" was the professor's subject in the Co-ed Medical College last Thursday.

"Young ladies and gentlemen," said he, "the word 'kiss' is derived from the Latin 'gustus,' signifying 'taste.' Hence the correctness of the expression ascribed to a Hibernian peasant by Samuel Lover: 'Mary, I would like to taste your face.'

"A kiss is often faultily defined as a smack with the pursed lips. Scientific accuracy is sadly lacking in that formula, and as I have often tried to impress upon you in other small subjects, it is important in the matter of kissing to hit the mark exactly."

The class here began to show signs of interest, and the learned treatise on the physiological researches of Dr. Thomas Jones and Prof. Blas were closed pending the end of the lecture.

"A kiss," went on the professor, "is not necessarily accompanied by any smacking sound. The very origin of the practice, now so general, demonstrates this. Learned men tell us that the prehistoric kiss was given by the mother to the infant as an incident to transferring from her mouth to its the food whose temperature she had thus adjusted to the delicacy of the babe's oral mucous membrane. She thus discovered the thrill which is an essential part of the true kiss. Speech being meager in that stage of human development she could in no other way convey to her cave dweller husband the information of her discovery than by pressing her lips to his. Behold a grander revelation! The thrill whose source she tried to illustrate was magnified a thousand-fold.

"This pair, of course, could not keep the delicious secret to themselves, but must make it known to friends in the neighboring caves. Hence the divorce court of the present day.

"How the smack came to be a feature of osculation, giving pleasure to the aural nerves as the act itself did to those of the labia, is easily theorized.

"The thrill resulting from the pressing the lips together is the mingling of soul current resulting from placing into close contact the extremities of two sets of labial nerves. It is absent when the system is female in both cases, and absent when the kissers are both male, except, indeed, when one is an infant, practically a neu-

tral conductor, in which case a slight convulsion is felt. A good illustration is the brushing together of the ends of two bunches of fine wires attached respectively to the positive and negative poles of a dynamo. Showers of sparks will be emitted. One day I will talk to you on the origin of the slang word 'sparking.'

"To get the best result, therefore, from the contact of the lips, it is manifest as much surface as possible should be in juxtaposition.

"Our remote ancestors had very large mouths, and the earliest kisses were consummated, doubtless, by placing right ear against left ear and slowly rolling the countenances, with lips against lips, until ears on the opposite sides touched. But these simple prehistoric people had very large noses, too, which fact always caused a hiatus in the middle of the kiss. To make this break as brief as possible both parties struggled, and thus was developed in the human species the orbicularies oris, sometimes called basiotor or oscularis; in English, the mouth sphincter, or kissing muscle. This operates under the guidance of the raso-motor nerves like the string of a tobacco pouch. By means of it the lips may be puckered. By the way, there never could be whistling had not kissing been discovered.

"With the full development of this sphincter kissing became an art. Nose could be laid beside nose and yet the whole labial tract of either performer could be in action.

"The smack was the sound of the aerial inrush caused by the relaxation of the lips following the exchange of soul current. A similar sound is produced when a cow pulls her hoof out of sticky mud. It was noted at once, and was cultivated at first as a flattering testimonial expressive of satisfaction. In time the music of it appealed to the ear, and it became a customary adjunct of osculation.

"The noiseless, long-lasting kind still exists, I am told.

"Therefore, a kiss is properly defined as a pressure with the lips, long or brief, silent or noisy, which, when the object kissed is the mouth of one of the opposite sex, produces a delicious exhilaration."

The whole class stood up in grave token of respect for the professor's ability. He bowed his thanks and they were seated.

"It is a singular circumstance," went on the professor, "that leaving duration and pressure out of the question, there are two kinds of masculine kiss known to the female, while there is only one sort of feminine kiss possible in the experience of the male. The exaltation of mind which the woman experiences in kissing a pair of beardless masculine lips is greatly enhanced when a mustache covers the mouth. Hirsute titillation of the nerves, ending on the labial boundaries, which are not ordinarily brought into play, makes the difference.

"A word about the danger of germs in osculation. Science would suggest a protector of some kind for the lips; but common sense knows that it would not be worn. You should advise our patients, therefore, that the peril is reduced to a minimum by observing the rule of swiftness in the delivery. It is with the clinging kind that the most danger of infection rests.

"Good day, ladies and gentlemen!"

He left the hall and a general illustrated discussion came next.—*N. Y. Telegraph.*

What's in a kiss? Joy and bliss. Nothing more, love, nothing more.

The late lamented Scanlan may have written and sung this refrain from happy experience, and he doubtless did—his record indicates it. Mr. Arthur Dwight, of Boston, once thought so with him. In fact, before he walked forth to church yesterday morning he was unequivocally of that opinion. But now the demon doubt is in his mind, and henceforth when humming the Irish actor's ballad he will add mentally that it all depends upon the kisser and the remoteness of the proceeding from publicity.

But experience has also given Mr. Dwight new ideas upon the propriety of saving lives. Once he thought there was nothing so noble and heroic as leaping at the bridles of a pair of plunging horses, throwing the animals back on their haunches and dragging a maiden from danger of their hoofs. His views are somewhat modified.

Before venturing again he would inquire of the lady her age and exact a promise she would not endeavor to reward his bravery with fond but hysterical embraces. He would also leave at home her to whom his troth is plighted.

Mr. Dwight regrets his residence frequently, and comes down to Gotham to forget it. On one of these visits he met a young woman who took his thoughts further than ever away from the Hub. She is daughter of a wealthy family living near Madison avenue and Sixty-fifth street, and the son of the drug manufacturer was soon looked upon as an accepted suitor.

He came over from Boston Saturday, and he and his fiancée decided to go to the Fifth Avenue Collegiate Church yesterday morning. As the crowd streamed forth from the edifice shortly after 12 o'clock, an empty cab, drawn by two spirited horses under guidance of a stiff-backed person in green livery, came rapidly from the north. Dwight and his companion reached Forty-ninth street just as the vehicle did.

An elderly woman in Quakerlike bonnet and neat spiral curls stepped out from the east sidewalk. Too preoccupied to hear or see the approach of the cab, she stepped in front of it and was in no small danger of a catastrophe. This occurred to the Bostonian and he leaped to lend his manly arm.

Dwight grabbed the bit of the nearest horse just as the driver saw the woman and fell back upon the reins. The Boston man bore down hard and the danger was averted. Catching the woman by the arm he pulled her out of reach of the hoofs.

So far Dwight was feeling very well. He was quite satisfied with himself. He had accomplished a dangerous feat in the presence of her whose applause he most desired.

But what was that? Could it be that she for whom he had so freely rushed toward the jaws of death was speaking of reward? He must rise in dignity and feel insulted! But there was not time!

The next moment two arms were about his neck, a sobbing voice was extolling his bravery in his ear, and ere he was aware of the danger two lips were placed upon

his own and a sharp, sibilant explosion followed. The man from Boston struggled.

His fiancee grew an inch or two taller and turned now red and now pale. The congregation and passers-by stopped, stared and smiled.

"Let go!" exclaimed Dwight. "It was nothing, I assure you. No reward needed. Would have done it for anybody. Let go, I say!"

"Oh, you brave, self-sacrificing young man," was the hysterical answer, as she got a firmer grip on his neck. "How noble you are. Oh, I wish I had one like you!"

"Let go, I say! I'm not to be had. Here, you're making a scene. Please, please break away."

The saved one showed not the slightest inclination to heed the protest. Dwight caught her wrist and struggled. He wondered at her strength. His companion came to his rescue as the throng crowded about. She caught the elderly woman's left arm above the elbow and Dwight wriggled from the convulsive clutch. He then hailed a passing stage and hurried into it with the young woman.

The elder became quiet after a few moments and proceeded unsteadily down the side street.—*N. Y. Telegraph.*



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